

Newly Elected Freshmen Officers



Harvey Morgan, President; Mary Ellen Montgomery, Secretary; Leila Ann Nease, Treasurer. Jane Brown, Vice-President.

Newspaper Donation "Washington Entombed"

George Town, Dec. 20.

On Wednesday, last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his country and the Friend of man, was confined to the tomb, with solemn honours and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty Portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, now lay the inrouted corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Departed this life on the 14th December, 1799, AE '68

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed and moved on in the following order: Cavalry, Infantry, With arms reversed, Guard, Music, Clergy.

The General's horse with his saddle, holsters and pistols.

Colonels Simms, Gilpin, Ramsay, Marseller, Payne, Little, Mourners, Masonic Brethren, Citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevat-

ed lawn, on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the citizens descended to the vault, and the funeral service of the church was performed.

The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry, the cavalry, and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over Death! The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages."

The foregoing passage was taken from the January 3, 1800 edition of the ULSTER COUNTY GAZETTE, of Kingston, N. Y., which was given to the Armstrong library by Miss Anita Lasky in memory of her mother.

Freshman King and Queen

One starry-eyed Freshman girl and one big, husky Freshman boy will be crowned Queen and King at the annual Homecoming Dance on December 21st, which is the biggest event of the Fall Term at Armstrong.

At a meeting of the Freshman Class five girls and boys were chosen to be voted on for this event. The girls are: Jane Brown, Jane Wheeler, Leila Ann Nease, Lynn Barker, and Joanne Durence. The boys are: Clarence Lucas, Edward Seig, Harvey Morgan, Baxter McCreery, and Wiley Kessler. The winner will not be announced until the middle of the dance when the royal couple will parade up to the stage and be crowned by Jane Middlebrooks and George Moore, last year's Queen and King.

Psychometrist Appointed For Veterans Administration

Jane McRae has recently been appointed psychometrist for the Veterans Administration Guidance Center at Armstrong Junior College.

Miss McRae is a graduate of Pape, and attended Sweet Briar College for two years. She graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1945 with a Bachelor of Arts degree, having majored in psychology and minored in sociology.

At the University of North Carolina Miss McRae was a member of the Alpha Psi Delta honorary psychological fraternity, and also a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Miss McRae formerly worked as psychometrist in the Employment Office of the Union Bag and Paper Corporation.

Toni Sender First Lecturer In Armstrong Series

On December 3, Mrs. Toni Sender, a native German and a former member of the German Reichstag was the first speaker in the Armstrong Junior College Forum Series.

Mrs. Sender urged a more "humanitarian" approach to "the problem of Germany." She told how thousands in Germany were facing starvation this winter and how millions were being run out of their homes. She urged the sending of more food and medicine to Germany and to allow the anti-Nazi forces a chance to express themselves.

She said we must be tough on Germany, but that we can't kill sixty million people or keep our boys over there indefinitely. She contended that America should supervise Germany's industries and not stop them completely as any industry can be a potential

war industry when left under its own supervision. Not only would Germany suffer if her industries were closed but also many other countries who depended on her before the war.

There were many anti-Nazis in Germany all during the war and these people should now be given a chance to govern themselves rather than to develop a hatred for their liberation.

Mrs. Sender also favored a regional federation of the Western European countries for economic well-being. It is up to us to create a basis of living for all countries in the world, the little as well as the big.

Mrs. Sender ended her speech with the idea of a world assembly to which representatives would be chosen in a free election of all people all over the world.

MEET THE FACULTY



MRS. STEPHENS

MRS. STEPHENS

If the founding and progress of Armstrong College were to be recorded, you would find there among the records of its life and growth as an essential part of it the contributions of Mrs. Stevens. She is part of all that is Armstrong today for she was one of the original faculty who laid the basic foundation from which has been built all we know. Mrs. Stevens came to Armstrong in 1935 and today she, President Hawes, and Mr. Holland are the only ones left of the original faculty. We can readily see how such a vital, dynamic personality as she must have contributed greatly to the laying of a sound foundation and to the progress of Armstrong through the years.

Her quick precise speech, her way of putting over what she has to say in a few simple, yet explicit words are but reflections of her driving energy. Her attentive interest in what you have to say regardless of how trivial a nature, her knack at paraphrasing the most complex line in literature in such a way as to apply to your own feelings or experiences, and her quick determined step are some of her many likable qualities.



MR. BEECHER

In the way of her qualifications we find ample proof of her abilities. She was awarded her A.B. degree in 1929, her L.L.B. in 1934 and in 1935 she received her M.A. in English from the University of Ga. You French students know that Mrs. Stevens received a certificate for study at the Sorbonne University. Just to give you a little additional practice we might add that "La Sorbonne est le batement des Facultes des Lettres et des Sciences."

We hardly need to say more about Mrs. Stevens for if you know anything at all about Armstrong you know her for she has come to be part of all it is, has been, or will be.

MR. BEECHER

Everyone of you no doubt has had the opportunity of meeting and of knowing Mr. Beecher. In his capacity as Student Counselor, he has come to be considered as both a friend and adviser. There are numerable qualities which go to make him a very likable person, as well as a competent teacher. If we should sum up his one outstanding quality in one word, however, it would be "versatile." Since he has come to Armstrong he has taught Spanish, History,

and Psychology and has his master's degree in all of these as well as in French.

You will notice especially his voice—deep, calm, and yet commanding attention and you will like his half smile. Most of all though you will like his personal interest in you—not only in your present but in helping you to plan your future.

Mr. Beecher received his master's in French and Spanish from Emory University and his master's in History and Economics from the University of California and the University of Georgia. He received a fellowship at the University of Georgia School of Education where his main work was in Psychology and Social Science. He also did work at Columbia University in Psychology.

In addition to being Student Counselor, he is adviser of the Student Forum and the Inkwell. Incidentally, if you hear rumors to the effect that he went to Armstrong, t'ain't so, but Mrs. Beecher did—before he came here.

Armstrong Expresses
Its Deepest Sympathy

to
Margaret Persse

THE INKEWELL

Member Georgia College Press Association

Published monthly during the school year by the students of

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE
SAVANNAH, GA.

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THE FRESHMAN SPIRIT

A different tone for the editorial column this issue is being displayed. In place of the usual critical and persuasive idea, it is one of praise and admiration for the co-operative spirit of the Freshman Class. Their wonderful attitude of helpfulness and eagerness has proved to be an asset to Armstrong.

The return veterans deserve a great deal of credit for their efforts shown throughout this term. Their ever-readiness and willingness in all work assigned them has been accomplished with utmost successfulness.

I only hope that this spirit of incomparable forcefulness and cooperativeness will not decrease, but will last throughout the remainder of the time to be spent at Armstrong. I know if you Freshmen will keep up the good work that has been shown previously, the name of A. J. C. will continue to keep its reputation of greatness. I feel that anyone who has been connected with her in the past or will be connected with her in the future, has experienced or will experience the same great glory and pride.

AREN'T YOU LUCKY

Just in case any of you "Rats" have complaints about Rat Week, here is a letter from one who shared your experience. After reading this perhaps you will be somewhat consoled and think you are lucky to be an "Armstrong Rat." This description of Rat Day at G.S.C.W. was written at the "request" of an upperclassman.

Here are some of the happenings of the day, as told by one of the lowly rats. Quote: "I think, perhaps, our costume will be of utmost interest to you. Our hats are paper sacks which cover all our hair but leave our ears out. One side of our face is chalk white while the other side is black. No other make-up is worn. Our black skirts make the suit complete. A white apron (towel) breaks the monotony of color. Our beautiful black hose are made even more attractive by low-heeled black shoes. Our only jewelry is an onion tied on a string and put around our necks. We carry our books in a box all day. Every time a lowly rat sees an exalted Junior, they have to kneel half way, place the right hand on the left shoulder, hang their head and repeat this creed: 'I, a subservient acquiescent Freshman, with the utmost delectation and sincerity, avail myself of the privilege of proffering my admiration and my services in servile humility on this momentous occasion in reverence and adoration to the most exalted earthlings within the confines of my aspirations. In unfathomable gratitude, I acknowledge my indebtedness to you, my benefactors, for vouchsafing me, the most object individual on the surface of this planet to approach the abode of the Almighty.' Thus—Rat Day."

SOPHOMORE PERSONALITIES

LEOLENE GAUDRY

Meet "the little girl with the orange hair" — Leolene Gaudry. This vivacious character is very active (in every sense of the word) around old A.J.C. A capable and dependable person, she is always "ready and willing" to help out whenever you're in a "tough" spot. Better known as "the blue-jean girl," Leolene is a perfect whiz at speaking Spanish, as a matter of fact, she's "out of this world." From a very reliable source of information, we hear that Leolene's Pin-up boy is Mr. Holland, how about it, "Miss G?"

Among her numerous activities around school, she is a member of Delta Chi, business manager of the Inkwell, dance committee representative for the Radio Club, and this is her second year on the basketball team.

One of her ambitions is to go out West and open a dude ranch, but at present the bane of her existence is to get out of Armstrong.

GEORGE DOERNER

Hats off to George Doerner, one of Armstrong's returned veterans. George spent thirty-two months in the Army Air Corps as a Combat Radio Operator on a C-47. He was

overseas for twenty months and his outfit worked with the Airborne Division.

George is interested in sports, particularly baseball and basketball. He plays on the Boy's Basketball team. Besides sports, he takes an active interest in music and plays the trumpet in a local band.

Before George joined the Air Corps, he was a student at the University of Georgia.

HENRIETTA KICKLIGHTER

Why strain your brain when you can ask "Hinky" the answer to your problem: Who is "Hinky?" None other than Henrietta Kicklighter, of course. Noted for her executive ability, she is chairman of the Dance Committee, president of Delta Chi, managing editor of the Geehee, past business manager of the Inkwell, and an active member of the Radio and Music Clubs. Her interest lies in science. She even plans to major in math.

This P. D. L. (Permanent Dean's List) student's ambition in life is to be a happy house-wife.

Besides being a very enthusiastic Van Johnson fan, her next pin-up boy is Sgt. C.

(And if you don't believe me when I say she is a good French student, you just ask Mr. Holland.)

FRESHMAN SKETCHES

HARVEY MORGAN

The boy you see walking around the campus with an intelligent look is none other than the president of the freshman class, Harvey Morgan. The freshmen have shown that they know good leadership when they see it by electing Harvey.

Harvey is the busiest boy around the school. "Yours truly" had to chase him two days before catching him in order to get this information.

President Morgan is a member of the Poetry Society and he is also a general of the "Revolute," the Rival newspaper. His favorite sports are swimming and football.

Harvey also has a high scholastic rating and in all probability he will make the dean's list.

LEILA ANN NEASE

Another contestant who is running for the Freshman Queen is

Leila Ann Nease, who is also Treasurer of the Freshman Class.

Leila Ann is a member of the Student Forum, Radio Club, and the Inkwell Business Staff. Her favorite sports are swimming and tennis. The talk is she can ride a horse very well. What about it, Lee?

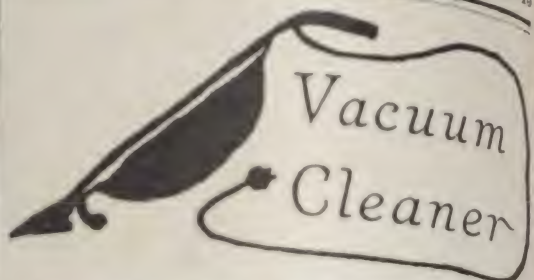
JANE BROWN

The vice-president of the freshman class is that dark-haired beauty, Jane Brown.

Jane is a very active member of the school. She is a member of the Student Forum, Radio Club, Music Club, Delta Chi, and the Geehee. Everyone can see that she hardly has time for anything else.

Jane has a wonderful personality as well as good looks. Confidentially she is a contestant for the Queen of the Freshman Class.

By the way, boys, Jane is a very good dancer. She is also very talented in playing badminton.



We understand Jane M. has "housing plans". How about it, Jamie?

Betty, did Jackie B. take a pair of scissors to your hair? There's talk that he has "some stuff like that there."

Helen DeVere sho' nuf is a fast worker!!! Let us girls in on the secret of your technique, Helen.

Who is the dark haired girl who entered a room—but made a quick exit. The rumor is it took place at, "Janie".

In a recent picture in the paper of the Alpha Tau Beta members and officers, it seems that the Parris Island Marines thought the picture was O.K. What was in those letters you received, girls??

George D., was that sunburn on the night of the play "Janie" or was that your natural color??

Who is Ceil Harris' dream man?



Jane, we hear there's a change in the weather.

What's happened Lynn (Has Joyce L. come back or has bad weather kept that tug boat at sea??

Who has Donald Austin got a date with for New Year's Eve?? Could it be Jane B?

Who is B. S. M.'s latest flame? Or do you know yourself, Billie Sue??

Holiday's Gruesome Twosomes

Joanne D. and George M.
Jane B. and Donald A.
Lynn B. and Sonny Joe M.
Jane M. and Carter C.
Mary G. and John K.
Dolores G. and "Mac"
Billie Sue M. and Jack S.
Sara F. and Harry McG.
Patty C. and James W.
Sally K. and Howard A. F.

Liz W. is sporting a new ring—Wonder who gave it to her? Come on, Liz, tell us all about it!!

We hear that wedding bells will ring for Patty F. in February, when a certain soldier returns home from overseas.

Two new students will join our happy throng at A. J. C. in January. Welcome to our abode, Steve C. and "Ham".



With the flu epidemic: We think it is just a "panic"—How in this world did "Mac" get the flu—Dolores?

Happy Day! Raise the flag! Jules is home y'all. He's been coming since June you know. Gosh, transportation is sure bad these days.

Don't worry Marjorie! Austin will be home SOME DAY.

Well, Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

Speaking of people coming home—Robert C. is coming home also—Isn't he, Nelle?

RAT WEEK



Sue Cox

JANE MIDDLEBROOKS

SPORTS

Basketball

Big plans are in the making for the Girl's Basketball Team to make two trips this season. Letters have been sent to the Augusta and Jacksonville Junior Colleges. These games are to be played on a home and home basis.

The girls enter the School League beginning January 7th. Their first game will be played with S.H.S. The prospects are good, thus resulting in plenty of stiff competition being handed out to our opponents.

Bowling

For bowling, plans are in progress for starting a team. So far there are no definite plans, but

there are big hopes for a very successful future.

Ballet

The fall term has proved very satisfactory in so far as ballet classes are concerned. Great interest and cooperation was shown on the part of the students in hopes of turning out some fine, graceful, and poised ballerinas. Mrs. Thomson was the teacher and she remarked that a great deal of effort had been shown on the part of the students. If present plans persist there are going to be ballet classes during the winter term and it will undoubtedly be looked forward to and enjoyed to the highest degree, similar to the previous term.

PHOBIA—PART FACT, PART FICTION

By George Upchurch

(Continued from last issue)

From below came Bobbie's shouts to "look around." I did. When I looked, I thought that I would fall. I closed my eyes and waited. When I opened them, I felt that, if I had to look at that vast distance to the street again, I would have to jump. I couldn't stand it; I climbed down. We went home. With Bobbie's questions as to why I hadn't stayed longer still in my ears, I crawled into bed—very puzzled. Why did I suddenly become frightened? Why hadn't it happened before? Would it come again? I quit trying to answer my questions and sought sleep, but sleep brought no relief. In my dreams for many nights I saw myself on a high building in the same situation. It's strange, the way something can worry you day after day. This incident was in my mind from morning until night. Gradually my work helped me to forget, and this fear was buried in the infinity of my subconscious mind.

One day Bobbie came to the office to see me. I had some time off, so I asked her if she would like to go somewhere. She wanted to go to the roof and see the city from there by daylight. I started to refuse; but when a female's mind is made up, you can't change it. On the roof she admired the sights, while I gazed up at that platform. Once again I became nervous and tense, and wanted to be anywhere else in the world. Unable to hide my fears, I tried to explain the whole thing to Bobbie. She suggested that we leave; but I knew that I would have no rest, until my phobia was cured. Again the ladder bore my weight and led me to the platform. Again I stood in the wind and looked down. The mad desire to jump was almost overpowering; I admitted defeat and descended.

More restless days followed with mental pictures of the platform, Bobbie trying to comfort me, and my dodging any place where I might have such trouble. I finally made several more attempts at different places to disprove my thoughts, but they all failed. It's a feeling of real horror, running from high places, because you wanted to jump off them. The hours and days slowly passed.

Vacation came, here was a help. I decided to put my two weeks into a trip with the family. That would do me good and get my mind off my worries. I was careful to avoid a trip to the mountains, but we made an equally bad decision, to go to New York and

Washington. We stayed several days in Washington and I was almost forgetting things, when my family insisted that I visit the Washington monument with them. Riding up in the elevator, I tried to figure out what would happen. When the elevator stopped, I went to a window and saw the big green squares and buildings. I wanted very much to plunge through the opening, but there were iron bars. Mental conflict raged within me, until we were some distance away. We went on to New York. I somehow felt that this huge forest of sky scrapers would be a supreme test. Why did the family have to go to the Empire State Building? They were going primarily for me, so that I would have the thrill of visiting the highest building. Thrill? Not for me. I knew too well what such a height would do to me. On the roof, the family stopped in the soda fountain and I stepped outside in the air. I walked around the building and stopped on a deserted side. I watched for several minutes the ant-like automobiles and dots of people below. I watched and I thought. I was thinking rapidly then—foolish thoughts, insane thoughts. "Why don't you jump? Jump off; nothing to worry about anymore. Life is hard; you're hard; you're tired of it. Go ahead; you've always wanted to be famous and talked-about—here's your chance. All your friends will miss you, you'll be remembered always." I couldn't back away, I closed my eyes; but I couldn't stand there any longer. With only one idea in my mind, I began to climb up on the ledge. I heard someone coming, but I paid no attention. I started to jump, but two men grabbed me and pulled me from the ledge to the ground. One said, "what do you want to do—kill yourself?"

"Yeah," said the other, "you might have fallen."

I tried to think of something to say. "I—I dropped something. I was trying to catch it before it fell."

"You'd better go inside," said the first, "it isn't safe out here by yourself."

"All right, I will. Thanks a lot for your help."

I sipped a cup of coffee and considered my close escape. Suppose there hadn't been any men there? It would have been a different story. I joined the family and we returned to our hotel. For a long time I lay in bed that night trying to draw some conclusion. I had read stories and seen movies in which people had gone crazy. I wondered if I were becoming

SOPHOMORE HAYRIDE

Saturday, November 24, the Sophomore class gave a hayride for members of the Sophomore class and dates.

The truck left from the Armstrong building at seven o'clock and continued to John McGinty's place on Wilmington Island where the crowd enjoyed a weiner roast.

Despite the freezing weather a good time was had by all.

The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Faye, Miss Fagan and Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

mad. I didn't want to tell anybody about it—the whole idea was so unbelievable and insane. It was impossible, but I was losing control of myself. I knew that next time—I would jump.

We arrived back home one day before I had to go back to work. I was more tired than before the trip, so I went to bed early to get some rest. I finally fell asleep. Then I wasn't in bed, I was standing on the roof of the Empire State Building in New York City. I walked about and moved to the ledge; I climbed up on it and looked down into the abyss. The sight was too much for me; I had to jump. Over the side I went, quickly falling through space. I wished that I had not jumped then, but nothing could help me—it was too late. I felt the strong air currents about me, my ears hurt. I was screaming like the devil, I know I was—but I couldn't hear anything. It was all over in a very short time, I hit the pavement, I felt it rushing up to meet me half way. I had always wondered about a life after death. Now, where would I be—Heaven? Hell? or where? I jumped up in bed and knocked over the floor lamp when I waved my arms. It had all been so realistic; I had lived every moment of it. I had felt the pavement, but there I was. Strangely enough, I lay back down and easily fell asleep again—a sleep of deep rest.

(Continued in Next Issue)

Lady: "How were you wounded, my son?"

Sailor: "By a shell, lady."

Lady: Did it explode.

Sailor: "No. It crept up close and bit me."

Theo Rose.

MANGELS

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Hi, slick chicks, here it is the month of December and almost Christmas, so I am going to try to pass some of the latest fashion tips on to you. Guess many of you have been trying to decide what you would like Santa Claus to bring you this year.

The W. P. B. has legalized the leg-of-mutton, dolman and balloon sleeves, and their future in the fashion world is going to be quite rosy it seems. The belts and sashes now appearing in the stores are much wider and really help to add that stylish look to your suits. Restrictions on these have also been released and I think we will all agree that it will be nice to have them wider than two inches once again.

Guess all of you have noticed the long lines in front of some of the stores up town in the past few weeks, and many of the people being very excited over getting a pair of nylon hose. However, it has been said that by the first of the year they will be out on the counters. Gee, won't that be wonderful?

Getting around to evening dresses, I have heard several of the girls around A. J. C. say that they have been looking for plaid taffeta material for evening skirts. Oh yes, and have you girls seen some of the new material made from "stuff"? It is really beautiful "stuff" and is being used quite a lot in New York for evening dresses.

In the line of millinery wear, beige-white tones are very popular with a shade for every complexion and type. Hats to match your dresses or suits are also very popular and eye-catching.

Hair barettes of all sizes and shapes in various materials seem to be quite a fad. You have to decide for yourself which style and size is better suited for the way you are wearing your hair.

This seems to be about all of the fashion dope I have for you this time, but I hope to pick up some new tips and ideas for you by the time you hear from me again.

"BETH."

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CLUBS

THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club of Armstrong Junior College meets every other Friday, alternately at 2:30 and 4:30, so that everyone can attend.

The officers are: President, Nelle Hewett; Vice President, Henrietta iKcklighter; Secretary, Anne Woodward; Treasurer, Anne Wernicke; Program Chairman, Ruth Sullivan; Senate Representative, Julia Yarley; and Dance Representative, George Moore.

Miss Helen Woodward is the advisor.

Records which have been played at the meetings are Mozart's 41st. (Emperor) Symphony, Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto in B-flat minor, and Rimsky-Korsakov's Sheherazade. Records are bought

with the dues paid by the members.

THE RADIO CLUB

The Radio Club is now busily working on a Christmas program. They plan to have broadcasts over WTOC and WSAV. One of the programs will consist of how Christmas is celebrated in different countries of Europe. This will include all of our allies and other countries of importance. The other program will tell the story of how "Silent Night" was composed. programs will serve as Armstrong's Christmas greetings to the city. When these are over the club will concentrate on doing serious drama. The club needs more members to carry on its work and hopes after the holidays more people will join.

RAT WEEK

Do your days fly fast, and crawl slowly? Are your nights pitch black and speckled with stars and glowworms? Do melodies burst from your heart, and blue notes catch in your throat? Do you glow in drizzle and droop in sunshine? Are you sharp as broken glass, and soft as velvet? Do you squawk with laughter, and cry dry tears? It could be love or it could be a cyclone, but it stopped on November 26. Believe me it was "Rat Week."

All the sweet little freshmen are wondering why they spent nights chewing their nails down below the quick. It wasn't bad at all. No one was boiled in oil, or had lighted matches put between their toes. But the sophomores didn't play fair. When the freshmen thought that "Rat Week" was all over, the sophomores held "Rat Court" during an assembly period.

Monique Davis, acting as prosecuting attorney, called the unsuspecting freshmen one by one before the judge, Marjorie Chapman, and a select group of jurors from the "esteemed" sophomore class pronounced the sentences. The freshmen never had a chance.

Mary Montague had to recite a poem given her by the judge, and written by the sophomores. Nancy Nelson, charged with the same crimes had to sing a song, but she refused, saying she would rather have the prepared goo in her hair. Betty Buntyn took an airplane ride by the order of the court, and Betty Foreman had to touch, then eat, the eye of a shark. (It turned out to be a grape.)

Anne Woodward, who the court said was at the top of the "bad freshmen" list wasn't in assembly and had to be found and made to polish trophies. Sue Cox was found guilty and was forced to do the same. Barbara Saseen was found guilty of crimes plus contempt of court, and had to imitate one of her beloved teachers—poor Dr. Fay. Sally Kravitch was sentenced to make love to Daniel DeLoach. Just ask Danny if he thought that was bad. Joanne Durrence had to apologize to the faculty, then to the sophomores on her poor little knees. Lynn Barker was forced to sing the pep song with feeling. Helen DeVere, Joan Pratt, and Mary Anne DuPont had to express themselves in a lovely dance.

Everyone knows its all done in fun, and the pass word of the Freshmen class is "Revenge"—!

Under The Cover

BOOK REVIEW

A crackling fire and a comfortable chair seem to be the best thing during these cold winter days. However, to sit with a companion is perfect bliss. With so many people still in the service, there are not enough companions to go around. A book, though, can be a good substitute, perhaps in some measure even surpass a human friend, for it is possible to choose one to suit each passing mood.

If you have a free hour take Edward Wakenknecht's, "The Fireside Book of Christmas." Christmas belongs to everyone, and this collection has been planned to remind the readers what Christmas means to all of us and to show what people have made of it. There is a charming account of the origin of the Christmas tree. Included is the selection from Charles Dicken's "A Christmas Carol."

For a little excitement read Paul Cohen's Porthelm's, "The Spirit of France." This book is a philosophical study of the evolution of the French mind by a man who had a deep understanding of government, art, history, culture, and civilization. Louis XIV, Voltaire, and Rousseau are but a few of the colorful characters Mr. Porthelm discusses. In conclusion, Mr. Potheim makes a startling prophecy for France regarding her future position, not only in Europe, but in the whole world.

"American Earth" written by Carleton Beals, is a "Biography of the Nation." "American Earth" is the story of our land from the day of the first settlers down to the Colorado dust bowl. This book is a pageant of the building of

America, as well as a clear study of actual conditions and the problems that prevail today.

For students who have to make term papers about the sixteenth century, Sir Charles Oman's "The Sixteenth Century" is an inspiring, warm and living thing written in a style of unusual charm and readability. In Sir Oman's writing there is no stiffness or stuffiness. This is, in fact, history in the purest sense of the word.

Christmas Program In Assembly

Last Thursday in the weekly assembly period, there was a program devoted entirely to Christmas. It was under the direction of Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Olson.

To add to the gay Christmas spirit there was a brightly lighted tree upon the stage and placed on the piano were two lighted candles. Gathered around the piano was a group of students who helped to lead in the singing of the carols. Miss Mary Hinely read from the Bible the story of the birth of Jesus while Mrs. Olson played some selections of Christmas carols for background music.

During the program, Ruth Sullivan sang a solo, "Cantique de Noel," and Ruth Mullis and Ruth Sullivan sang a duet in harmony to "White Christmas." To end the program everyone joined in singing the well-known "Jingle Bells" with great gusto!

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